



Burning School



7 0 1

Chapter 1 by Ren

The children quickly flee the burning building, in an orderly fashion. Race on to the yard, and line up straightly. The flames devouring Jenkins Elementary rise higher and spread further, yet the children stand straight and wait for directions. Yelling can be heard from the heat, cries for help, and lost dreams, but no one moves their heads towards the "noise".

The teachers count heads, and if one is missing, it shall be dealt with, but through the proper channels. The Firetruck and ambulances finally show up after a half hour, although there is barely anything left that can be salvaged, so putting it out slowly will do no more harm than already done. Nothing left if their lunches, bags, toys, or closely kept items, the children will go home to their houses, whether poor or rich, loved or hated. The ones who lost nothing from the burning school pity them, the ones who do not like whining tell them "Don't cry you fucking wimp", and the ones who know nothing, say nothing. Which ones do the children prefer? They won't say a thing, unless spoken to.

That school could be either a place of hatred or a safe heaven from abusive parents who would beat their son so much he ended up in the hospital multiple times, with concussions, bruises, and broken bones. Although he would not say, and neither would anyone else. They all, bit their tongues and turned away, Why?

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